



TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

BY HISE & OSMAN.

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"Black Eyes" vs. the "Porcupine."

WHEREIN IS SHOWN WHY COUSIN BARNEY HADN'T TIME.

Cousin Barney must stop the practice of telling tales out of school instanter, or we shall be obliged to "lick back," and tell—ah, those black eyes! You may well tremble. "Hadh't time," eh?

"That's 'pos," is it, "Brother Bill?" Well, if you deny the "wilder," we'll "cease," and you may "lick back" about "those black eyes."—Little Fort Porcupine.

Since, then, our amiable cousin has no objection, we will tell the reader all about "those black eyes." Not a hundred years ago, the quiet little village of—was thrown into a tremor of excitement, by the appearance, early one morning, at the street corners, of prodigious handbills, announcing, in startling capitals, that the learned and greatly celebrated astronomer, Dionysius Philologos Hotochrotonomythologos, Fellow of the Royal Academy of Science, Edinburgh, had arrived in town, and would, on the coming evening, favor the public with a grand, scientific, philosophical, intellectual, and painfully interesting and entertaining lecture on the delightful subject of Astronomy, the whole to be brought down to the comprehension of the commonest mind, by the aid of a patent double steel spring'd orrery, and 82 enchanting diagrams, presented by means of an improved phantasmagoria lantern, magnifying 40,000 times—admittance 12 1/2 cents, children half price, editors free. Here was an opportunity for the young beaux to show their gallantry it would have been heinous to lose, and every one in the village of any pretension must be "on hand" with his "bright particular." Now cousin Barney had often said he was as good as the best of them, and of course, not to be singular, determined also to be there with a woman; but there being no particular one in the place that could claim his attentions, he took this occasion to make a "prima demonstration" on a pair of most bewitching "black eyes," that for a long time had haunted both his day and night dreams. So, at precisely 7 o'clock on that eventful evening, the lecturer in the neighborhood of Snake street and Horse Shoe alley might have heard the echoes of a stout pair of "No. 10, pegged heels" fearlessly ascending the door steps of a spruce little cottage in that region, and presently a gentle tap, tap, tap at the door, instantly thro' the crevices of the window blinds a light is seen darting about, and now the glare through the keyhole on his yellow vest buttons shows it to be at the door, which in an instant more is opened.

"Good evening," quoth cousin Barney, advancing three paces.

"Good evening," mechanically fell from a pair of such lips, overhung by a pair of just the most sparkling black eyes that ever were looked into.

A pause of 32 seconds, during which both intently gaze at each other—after which Barney advances to a chair, seats himself, then takes a hair-like survey of the room, raises his feet on the cross sticks of the chair, his hat on his knees, drums on it, and ventures the further remark:

"A very fine evening, this."

"A little too much rain and sleet, I should think, to be very fine."

"Ah, yes, sleet—makes it quite disagreeable."

Thus introduced, the weather became the absorbing topic of conversation, and never was it more thoroughly canvassed. Barney became quite eloquent, and more than once perfectly amazed the fascinating creature before him by his erudite remarks and "uttering of great words."

But even this prolific topic became at length exhausted, and neither venturing to introduce another, there was consequently silence for about fifteen minutes. Then Barney, suddenly recollecting himself, and the object of his visit, broke the awkward pause by remarking, a little agitated,

"Oh—ah—ah—ah—There is to be a great lecture in town this evening."

"So I understood."

"May be you would like to go?"

"Why, yes, sir, I should have been very happy to have gone."

"I presumed as much, and have therefore ventured so far as to call with the hope of having the pleasure of your company." (This speech Barney had carefully composed beforehand.)

"Really, sir, I am much obliged to you; but it is rather late now, is it not?"

Barney looked at the clock. To his utter astonishment, it was 15 minutes past 9. He came to his feet as if stimulated by another "personal earthquake," and sans ceremony broke for the door. This, after a moment's fumbling, he got open by jerking out the catch, and in three steps more he was in the middle of the street.

Hastening at the top of his speed to the lecture room, he found the crowd just dispersing. Immediately some of his chums gather round him, and while they are filled with laudations of the lecture, in astonishment they inquire "how in the world it happened he hadn't been there, and why he hadn't brought that lady, as he had promised."

Barney with an attempted half-careless, but awfully lugubrious countenance, at length replies:

"Well, boys, I have no doubt you had an interesting—great lecture, and I wanted to go very much, and take that lady; but you see I'm kept so busy—the fact is, I hadn't time!"

Debt of Texas.—The actual public debt of Texas, the Journal of Commerce says, is between 112,000,000 and \$13,500,000; the country is extremely prosperous; business good; the products of the earth abundant; and the currency unquestionable, consisting of gold and silver.

From the Louisville Democrat.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Suggested by the refusal of Gen. Jackson to accept the Sarcophagus offered him by the National Institute.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

Firm and unwavering midst the strife, His soul has never falter'd. And standing on the verge of life, His feelings are unalter'd; Its holy light, the gem of mind, Is brilliantly displaying, Though the frail casket where 'tis shined Is silently decaying.

Without nobility or name, Our country's genius found him, And kindled in his heart her flame. And threw her mantle round him, Undaunted when that country's right A tyrant was invading. He wore a chaplet midst the fight Untarnish'd and un fading.

Now where death's silent waters lave Life's shore, his sun's declining; But far beyond the gloomy grave, Immortal light is shining; For, on the uncreated one, In humble faith relying, He trusts, when all his work is done, Through grace, to triumph dying.

Lay him not in a marble tomb, Where sculptured forms are weeping; Let him rest in the soil at gloom Where his cherished wife is sleeping; Make his grave where the bright blue skies And glorious stars are shining, Where bright-eyed flowers, in rainbow dyes, Are lovingly entwining.

Rear no sarcophagus to tell The patriot hero's story; Imperial splendor ne'er can swell The measure of his glory.

There is a tide that can't be stay'd, In noble hearts that love him, The monuments his deeds have made, The world will place above him.

M. Jackson, Marion Co., Ind., 1845.

Oregon Emigrants.

Letter from one of the editors of the Independence (Mo.) Exhibitor, to that journal, dated:

EMIGRANTS CAMP, Kaw Village, 2 May 13, 1845.

A ride of one hundred miles from Independence has brought us into the midst of a scene the most grateful and animating my eyes ever beheld! In the centre of a beautiful prairie, which the wild taste of the Kaw Indians have selected for their permanent village, is the rendezvous of the Oregon Emigrants, assembled here to complete their final organization. One hundred and four wagons, arranged in an oval ring and linked together with ox chains, form at once an immense camp to enclose the stock, and an impregnable fortress to protect them. One hundred more wagons encamped in groups at small distances completes the troop here assembled, which dotting the plain with their snow white covers, resounding with a busy multitude plying to and fro in business of preparation, or herding the cloud of stock engaged in devoting the luxuriant grass, combine to heighten in interest a scene full of animation, sunshine and excitement. The emigrants have been engaged during the day in framing and adopting a system of regulation for their general government, and in the election of officers. Dr. Walsh, of Cooper Co., Mo., has been chosen Captain; Stephen H. L. Meek, Pilot, and an admirable code of regulations adopted, subordinate officers elected, and the whole body arranged into four companies intended to travel separately or in mass, as the exigencies of the route may suggest to be expedient.

From the census which I have succeeded in taking, there were present:

Table with 2 columns: Category and Count. Includes Males (421), Females (138), Total adult persons (559), Children—Boys (240), Girls (209), Total of children (449), Cattle (326), Wagons (233), Horses (182).

The whole forms as nervous, intelligent, brave and determined a body as ever launched themselves upon the hazard of an untried and arduous enterprise, surrounded by known difficulties and freckled with unknown dangers. Amplely equipped with provisions, arms, excellent vehicles, abundance of animals, experienced guides and truer rifles, the sight of this train of moving houses, as breaking from camp and stretching onward one by one, they form a moving line of two miles in length, flanked by herds and horsemen, inspired in our breasts the most stirring emotions.

This morning the warlike news from England reached the camp, at the announcement of which all declared that they went equally determined to settle and to conquer. Should they be called to rally around the Star Spangled Banner, and plant the national standard forever firmly on the sublime heights that overlook the Pacific, we shall know that truer hearts or better soldiers never primed a rifle or drew a deadlier bead.

We cannot too highly appreciate those who thus depart with such intentions, or too highly value the services they go to render to their country without remuneration.—They go to plant a new people in a new and attractive country—to create new states—to give to us a new commercial empire—to open a new field to the

growing energies and wants of our expanding Republic—to carry civilization round the world—to dissolve the spell that has estranged the Asiatic from the European portion of mankind—to propagate the knowledge of human rights to the timid, lively and intelligent people of Asia and Polynesia—to teach them sciences, navigation and commerce, &c.—to spread education and extend happiness—in short, to commence that last revolution over the world which will embrace and elevate all mankind by bringing all nations familiarly in contact, and making them rivals in the race of improvement. They go to confront and dislodge British invasion and stop British conquest, which vanquished in front upon the Atlantic, has gone round our flanks and round the world to crush and destroy us from behind—to counteract British spleen which has heated our enemies, soured our friends, concerted for us domestic strife and servile war, and intrigued to sow the seed of enmity against us in every foreign breast.

Intermingled with the rest we see several emigrants whose final destination is California, but who will pass by Oregon in their way, thus binding more closely the mutual connexion of those two countries.

Five companies of Dragons (250 strong) will depart from Fort Leavenworth on the 18th, under orders to proceed by the Oregon trail to the head of Sweetwater, (the eastern limit of Oregon) and returning thence by Laramey, to pass along the eastern base of the Rocky Mts. to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, reaching home in about five months by the Santa Fe trail.

Of the exploring company of Captain Fremont we hear nothing, except that such a one will start about the first of June next, having for its object the exploration of the country between the head of the Arkansas and the Pacific coast along the 42 deg. of north latitude. The result of such an expedition will be of the highest value should they eventuate in the discovery of a direct route by that course to the heads of the Sacramento and Willamette rivers.

Simultaneously with the departure of this body of emigrants, of whom we are now taking leave, other bodies have already commenced their journey from St. Joseph's, Savannah and Council Bluffs. These, of whose numbers we have no positive information, by report equal the emigration by the route of Independence.

It is a wonderful impulse this, combined of patriotism, curiosity, and a warlike spirit of adventure, which is pressing our people onward to the Western Seas. They depart burning with high hopes of benefits to accrue both to themselves and the general country. In both they will be gratified. There is every thing in the settling of Oregon which is calculated to fan into activity the spirit of emigration. Wild adventure for the young—solid gain for the more sober—health and a fair climate for females, to lighten their domestic duties and give vigor to their offspring.

Success to those who have gone! Success too, to those who may follow during succeeding years! We may expect a continual annual increase in their numbers, as the importance of Oregon and California becomes more fully known, and the intervening difficulties removed, and the connexion with us more fully confirmed. Let us cheer the brave pioneers to whom we bid adieu, and animate ourselves, that each succeeding year may eclipse its predecessor.

W.

From the Cincinnati Daily Commercial.

Soda Springs in Oregon—A Great Curiosity.

We have been permitted by Mr. Hastings, the writer of the Emigrant's Guide to Oregon and California, to peruse some of the "proof sheets," from which we extract by permission the following account of the wonderful Soda Springs, more full, minute, and correct, than any other description. We shall give another extract relating to the peculiarities of that country never before known, in a day or two. The book will be ready for sale in a few days.

The soda springs are situated about one hundred miles west of the dividing ridge, of the Rocky mountains, and about fifty miles east of Fort Hall, within twenty rods of Bear river on its north side, and near latitude 42 deg. north.—They are in the midst of a beautiful grove of small cedars, and surrounded by rich valleys and plains, high, rolling hills, and volcanic vales and mountains. Upon approaching within their vicinity, you are struck at once, with the extraordinary appearance which they present, as well as the hissing noises which they produce, occasioned by the perpetual effervescence of their bubbling, noisy waters. There are six of these, which are from five to ten feet in diameter; the waters of which are from two to three feet below the surface of the earth. Their waters are per-

fectly clear, and very delicious to the taste and in all respects, like the water obtained at our common soda fountains in civilized life. When dipping the water from the springs, the effervescence is still going on in your cup until you place it to your lips, when, if you can withstand its suffocating fumes, you have a most delicious draught. In the vicinity of these springs, there are also, several other soda springs, which, however, are much less important, than those just described. Near them also, are several very singular conical elevations, about five or six feet in height, in the apex of each of which, is an aperture, of about six inches in diameter, from which the water gushes out, and running down the sides of these cones, it leaves upon them a sediment, which is thrown up by the water, and which has, no doubt, in the process of time, produced these extraordinary conical formations, which now much more resemble the work of art, than that of nature. These singular evolutions of water and sediment, are produced by the escape of great quantities of gas, generated by the evolving waters in the subterranean caverns below. The ceaseless commotion of the waters, in those vast reservoirs, produce a constant rumbling and gurgling sound, which is distinctly heard a distance of several rods from the springs, and the emission of gas, produces a kind of puffing and blowing sound, which is also heard several rods. About one hundred rods below these springs, is the 'steam boat spring,' as it is called, which discharges water and gas, in the same manner, as those just described, but in much greater quantities, and with a report quite similar to that produced by the emission of steam from the escape pipe of a steam boat, hence the name 'steam boat spring.' These evolutions of water and gas are from the face of a vast rock, and are frequently heard a hundred rods. In the immediate vicinity of the soda springs are innumerable other springs the waters of which, are highly impregnated with soda and sulphur; and north, and in fact, in every direction from them, the whole country wears a striking and volcanic appearance, especially, at the north, where the entire earth, seems to have been burnt out, leaving scarcely any thing, but masses of burnt rock and lava. Numerous hot springs are also found, in the immediate vicinity of these springs, which produce water from blood heat to the boiling point, in many of which, meat is cooked perfectly done in less than four minutes. The whole surrounding country here, affords ample evidence of former, vast and very numerous volcanic eruptions. This valley, and especially that portion of it in the immediate vicinity of these springs, is really a very extraordinary section of country, and is destined, beyond any kind of doubt, to become immensely important and valuable, because of its peculiarly favorable locality, its extraordinary, wonderful, and delightful scenery; and perhaps, the medicinal properties of its inexhaustible mineral waters.

A Singular Fact.

About lunch time yesterday morning, a Jeremy Diddler looking sort of a fellow with one of those narrow rimmed hats rather the worse for wear, a seedy black coat out at the elbows, and a pair of grey inexpressibles considerably too short for the present fashion, entered the Broadway Exchange and stood around reading the papers until lunch was brought in.—After partaking of the very good things that were brought upon the table, in that vigorous sort of manner that would indicate that the gentleman might have fasted during the whole of Lent, he walked up to a gentleman standing at the bar just on the point of swallowing the contents of his glass, whom he addressed with a good deal of haste but still in the most conciliating and blandest manner:

"Sir: my good sir; do, if you please, just allow me to taste—just to taste of the contents of that glass. I have an especial reason for the most strange request, I assure you."

The gentleman astonished at the singular request, handed him the glass which he took and drank off the contents at a swallow.

"No there is not—I am satisfied there was no orange peel in that liquor, sir. I was afraid there might be. Do you know sir, I have a presentiment that orange peel will be the death of me some day?—and still there don't appear to be anything dangerous in a simple piece of orange peel. Do you see that bump, sir?" said he, directing the attention of the gentleman to the back part of his head—that was caused when I was quite a youth. I was going to school one day, in all the buoyancy of childhood, and as I was stepping in the door of the school house, I accidentally trod upon a piece of orange peel—up went my heels and down

went my head, hence that protuberance you see.—Another time, sir, I was about to descend a flight of stairs; on the first stair I stepped on a piece of orange peel, slipped, and down I went, bump, bump, bump, until I landed at the foot; I really thought I was driven up an inch or two at least.—So, my dear sir, you will see that I have strong grounds for my presentiment that orange peel will be the death of me. When I saw you about to drink that glass of liquor, thought there might be orange peel in it, and as I was ready to meet my fate, I did not like to see you sir, run such a risk; but there was no orange peel in that glass, I am satisfied, Good, morning my dear, dear sir!!—Cincinnati Inquirer.

The Old Maid's First Offer.

I must tell you the heart-rending story. I have long wished to do so, and the time has at length arrived.—[Here her voice dropped into a confidential whisper.] Poor dear Major Ogilvie, who is now dead and gone, (heigh ho!) had long been showing me marked attention—in fact, paying his addresses, though he never made his declarations—when one morning, after having sung me a song of Fanninelli's—the music, I believe, was Gluck's—ah! you should have heard the major, he was such a sweet singer! Well, the doctor had gone out to buy some newly invented fish sauce—poor dear man! he does like to have his fish well dressed—and I remember he took Fanchette, my little beauty of a spaniel with him, so that the major and I were all alone in the breakfast parlor, when, looking in my face, he suddenly went on one knee before me—ah! there was gallantry in those days—and taking my hand which he tenderly pressed, made a passionate avowal of his love. I felt myself blushing crimson; when, at this agitating moment, just as I was going to utter a palpitating confession of my partiality, my eyes began to twinkle in my nose, my mouth opened in spite of myself, and I sneezed, like an explosion of gunpowder, right in his upturned and imploring face! Now tell me, Lady Susan, you know how tremendously I always sneeze, did you ever—of all the awkward occurrences!

The Major started as well he might, but recovered himself—so did I. He gazed at me tenderly, expectingly; and I was just about to relieve him of his suspense, when I sneezed with a second and louder explosion, that seemed to scatter the nose from my face. This was a confusion to me and the major; but, still holding my imprisoned hand, and looking downward to avoid the shower-bath I was unintentionally scattering around me, he swore that he never would rise from his knees till I had pronounced. I uttered a heartfelt sigh, and the soft avowal was just trembling on the tip of my nose. Lady Susan, it was beginning to bleed!—did you ever!—of all the distressing moments!

I struggled to withdraw my hand, that I might get my handkerchief in action, which the major attributed to coyness and therefore did he hold it more firmly. In the contest, after frantically spotting my tabinet silk gown, three very large drops of blood fell upon the major's wrist! He started up—I closed my eyes, and sunk into a chair overwhelmed with confusion. Supposing I had fainted, the major hastily seized a large tumbler of water and threw it into my face. At such an unexpected sousing, I started with surprise and terror. The marsh powder which I wore—I was always famous for my powder—mingled with the water and blood, converted my face into a hideous spectacle—when just at that moment the door flew open, and Fanchette, thinking that her mistress was killed, flew at the poor dear major and bit a large mouthful out of his left leg; while the good horror-stricken doctor let the bottle of newly-invented fish sauce fall from his hand and be smashed to pieces on the floor. Now, dearest Lady Susan, consider what must have been my feelings!—did you ever!—such a scene.

A Curious Story.

An old gentleman in this city relates one of the most thrilling romances of real life we ever heard of. In this romance he was a principal actor. Many years ago, in Vermont, an insane man suddenly disappeared. No trace of his whereabouts could be discovered, and many supposed he was dead. Seven years after his disappearance, a person who had known him dreamed that he had been murdered by a certain family residing near at hand and that he was buried in a certain spot. This dream occurred several times, and was so vivid that the dreamer related it and induced others to aid him in digging at the spot indicated in his dream. They dug and found bones. They also found a button and a knife,

which were identified as the property of the missing man. The family consisting of a mother and two young men, were arrested and imprisoned. The sons to save their mother confessed the murder. On the trial however, they pleaded not guilty, but were nevertheless, found guilty and condemned to be hanged.—The sentence of one was however commuted to imprisonment for life in the State prison to which he was sent. Soon after the trial a paragraph appeared in the Post of this city, which led the old gentleman referred to (who was acquainted with all the parties in the affair), to believe that the man supposed to be murdered was alive. He set to work, and by dint of inquiry, found the insane man on a farm in New Jersey. He was working on this farm under the supposition that it was his own. The old gentleman addressed him, saying,

"Don't you know me?"

"No—never saw you before."

The old man dropped an English shilling which the insane man clutched eagerly.

"Now," said the old gentleman, "tell who I am and who you are, and I'll give you that shilling."

The man did as was required and proved to be the missing individual. He was taken back to Vermont, and the two men were released of course.—The insane man had, however, to be exhibited publicly and to thousands of people before they would believe that he was himself. This story is truth and can easily be proved by a reference to the legitimate records of the times. It is a most curious 'romance in real life' and goes ahead of all fictions ever invented. Why do not some dramatists take hold of it?—U. S. A. Rep.

The People of the Grave.—We shrink from the scorching heat of the sun, or we shiver beneath the blasts that wither us as they pass. The noise of the world is wearying—the noise and din of life. The flowers we gather have thorns that pierce us; and the tree, under whose boughs we turn for shelter, falls to crush us. We take our way along crowded streets, meeting nothing but strange faces that stare coldly as we pass—no smiles, no welcome. We wander through greener paths and perchance some are with us that we love or think we love; that even in green paths there are briars to wound the foot, or the serpent's shining track crosses the road we go, or those with us fall away, and utter loneliness is ill to bear. This is life—but the dead have rest! Where ends our path? Taken through dreary crowded streets, or through desolate byways, where is our bed at last? For we cannot always wander, striving, struggling, hoping, fearing, for we scarce know what—there must be some place of sojourn—where shall we find it? Oh, weary, weary spirit, here ends thy toil—here, where the turf is so cool and green—here, where the wind whistles so merrily through the long-waving grass. Rest thee—take thy mantle around thee—lie down upon this ready earth, it will open and give thee rest. Art thou cold? ask the cold sepulchre to take thee to its narrow chamber, thou wilt shiver in the winter wind no more. Doth thy brow ache with all its feverish excitement—this whirlwind of sound and motion? press it to the cool mantle of the tomb, let the air, grown damp and chill from passing over graves, fan thy burning cheek—it will woo thee to stillness and to calm; thou wilt forget the hot turmoil of existence, thy new home shall be so quiet.—Mrs. Ponsbury.

Remedy for Cancer.—The cure of this awful disease which so often overtakes the skill and experience of the best physicians, has been the hobby of a thousand charlatans. A receipt which has been successful in two instances, the only times in fact that its virtue has been tested by Americans, is prescribed by the old Spaniards in Louisiana. It is simply the yolk of an egg mixed with salt as long as it will receive it. This in form of a salve is applied to the cancer twice daily. We have lately heard of another successful trial in a family in Caddo-parish, Louisiana.—Southern Reformer.

An empty purse is no more contemned than an empty tide is loved. But both are equally useless and trifling. How many books there are with high-toned titles, and frivolous contents—how many men have these qualities in common with books!

We are but passengers of a day, whether in a stage coach or in the immense machine of the universe. In God's name, then, why should we not make the way as pleasant as possible to each other. Short as the journey is, it is long enough to be tedious to him who sulks in his corner, sits uneasy himself, and elbows his neighbor to make him uneasy also.